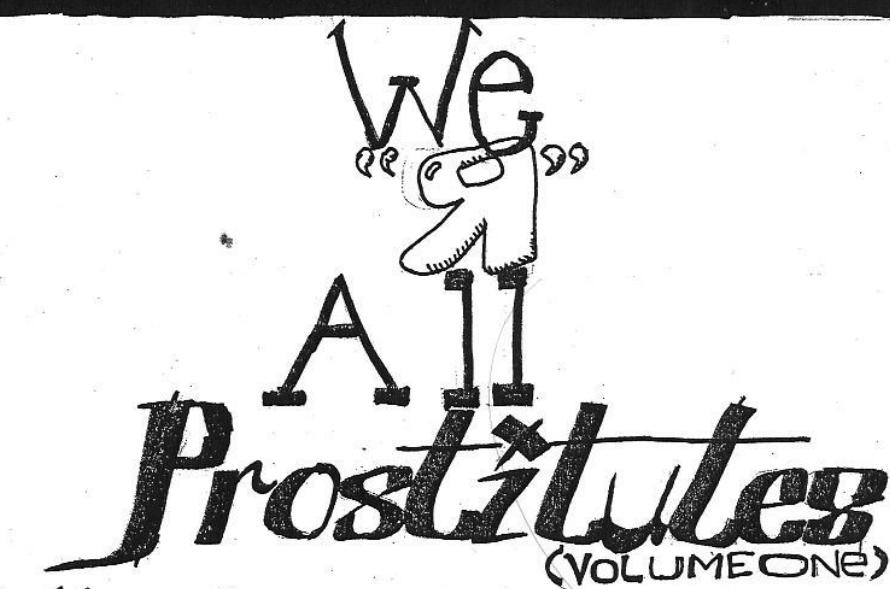




CARL ANTONOWICZ IS AN ENGLISH  
MAJOR AT AUSTIN COLLEGE, LOOKING FORWARD  
TO A LIFETIME OF UNEMPLOYMENT.



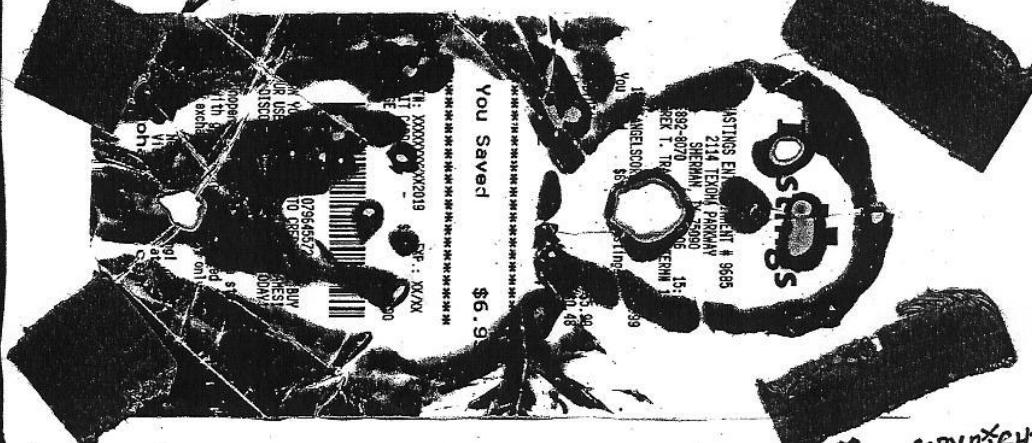
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ALL ART + WORDS BY CARL ANTONOWICZ. <sup>\*</sup> COPYRIGHT 2006!

G. A. P. GENERATION  
ROSSLY  
PATIENTIC  
PERSONS  
(2006)

The following is a manifesto of my  
GENERATION, those born in the 1980's —



HERE → at our new shoes echoing the styles of the past, at the nice coating of blue

MSANFORD

Sharpie.

INK ON OUR  
FORMERLY

BLEACHED BLANCHED BLINDING  
BRIGHT COLLARS, UNDER  
FLASHING LIGHTS

IN  
DA CLUB

WE

YOUR TV-ILLUMINATED  
MEDIA ADDRESS

YOUR WITHHOLDING EXTENSIONS

YOUR CELL-PHONE CARRYING CARRIAGE CRAWLERS

WE WOULD  
RATHER  
BLAST OUT  
OUR EAR-  
DRUMS  
WITH  
POWERCHORDS

REAR OUT OUR TONGUES WITH BURGERS  
AND FRIES, STICK OUR HANDS  
INTHE GARBAGE DISPOSAL  
than hear you talk about  
WHAT THE REAL WORLD IS  
LIKE ONE MORE TIME

WE

YOUR JACKED-OUT CONSUMERS  
BOX IDIOTS



ALREADY KNOW THIS

(BECAUSE MTV™ TOLD US ALL ABOUT IT) and the only  
generation GAP we've ever known  
is the one in between SAM GOODY and  
FOLEY'S

and we know exactly when all the sales are  
employee discount and last week we found the  
perfect replacement for reality running in prime

WE  
YOUR  
IDOL AMERICANS

YOUR MIDDLE-  
CLASS MATERIALISTS  
MOUTH

RING!

Hello?

GODDAMNIT!  
HOLD ON A SECOND

Yeah, yeah, listen, I'm kind  
of in the middle of something  
here. I'll call you back, OK? Bye.

\* by putting my boobs ON TV

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT MOTHERFUCKER DECIDED TO CALL  
ME RIGHT THEN. I MEAN, OF ALL TIMES! NOW WHAT WAS THE  
LAST LINE THAT I GOT TO..... OH YEAH



YELLIN' WIDE-  
BRIEN BUT  
SILENT MUTHIS

WE ARE COMMUNISTS

are going to suck it  
all in.

We're going to draw  
the STARS down  
from the heavens and  
make them

LOOK

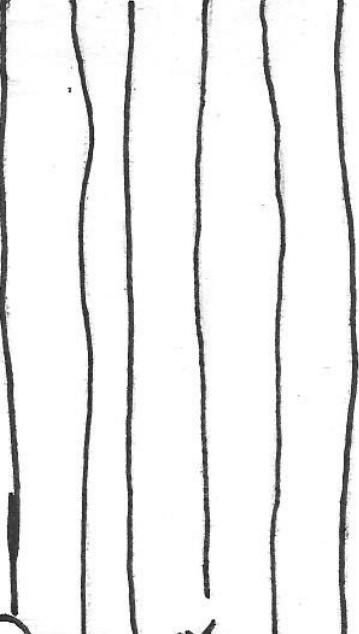
at us (something you never had time to do)  
and them laugh when they see we've sucked them

The BLACKNESS THAT  
LIVES BEHIND OUR  
PERFECTLY STRAIGHT WHITENED  
TEETH

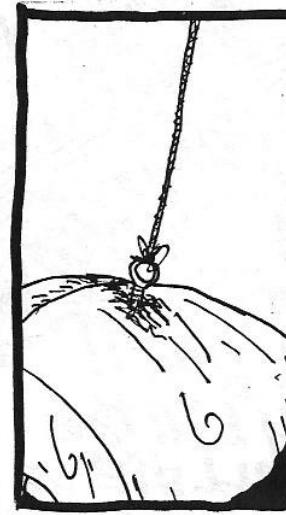
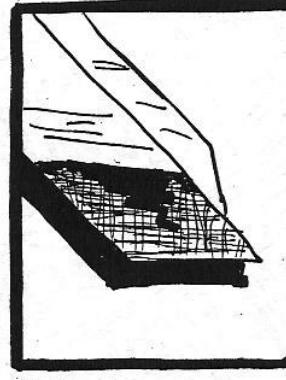
WE, WITH THE DARKNESS INSIDE OUR SKULLS  
WITH THE UNTOUCHED WHITENESS BEHIND OUR EYES,  
WITHOUT ANY WORDS LEFT US, ARE THE tabula rasa,  
ARE THE GREEN, UNBLEMISHED BREAD BOARDS  
PLINKED OUT IN '44 BY THE  
DEPOSITS AND THE GATHERING  
hush little baby, don't  
you cry, you'll  
have money till the  
day you die

REVIEW  
GENERATION

the only lullaby we've  
ever known

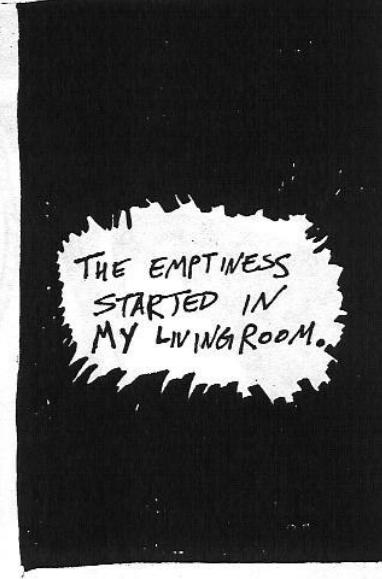
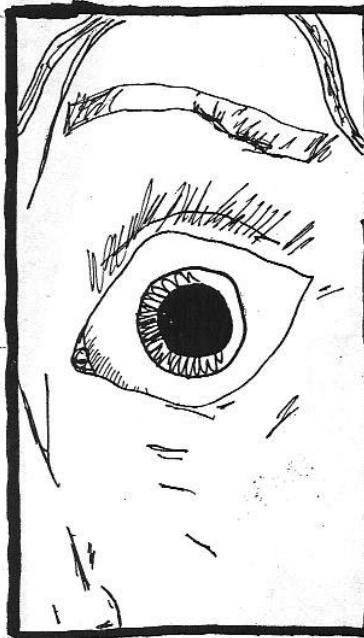
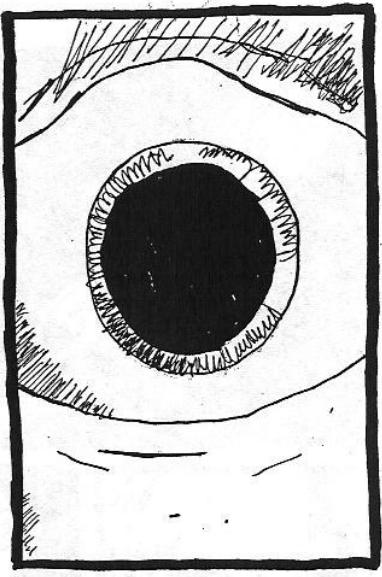
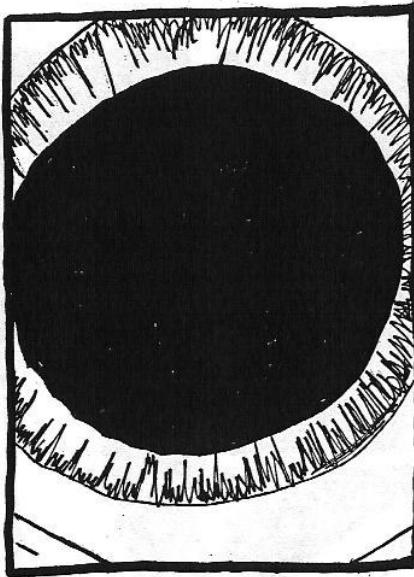
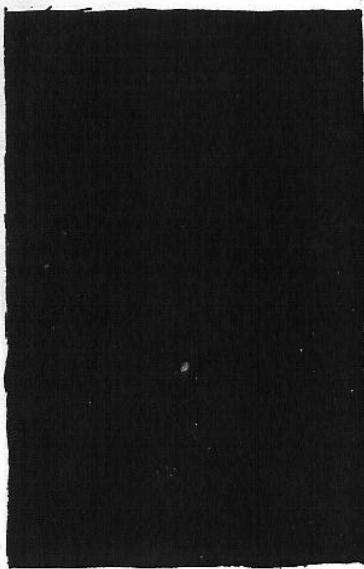


STRING  
THING  
(2004-2006)





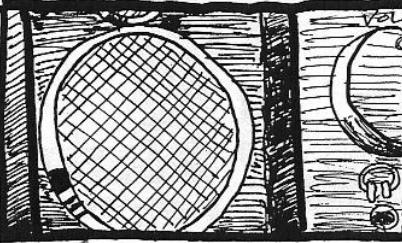
—  
E  
M  
P  
T  
Y  
—  
HOUSE  
(2004)



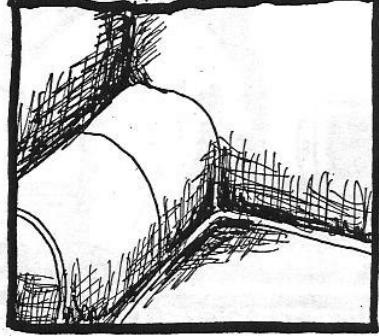
I DON'T MEAN SOME KIND OF METAPHOR FOR MY LIFE OR ANYTHING. NONE OF THAT. CRAP FOR ME, THANKS...



No, I MEAN LIKE ACTUAL, PHYSICAL EMPTINESS. LIKE THINGS THAT WERE THERE JUST STRAIGHT UP NOT BEING THERE ANYMORE.

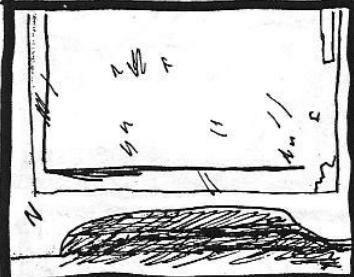


THEY JUST DISAPPEARED.

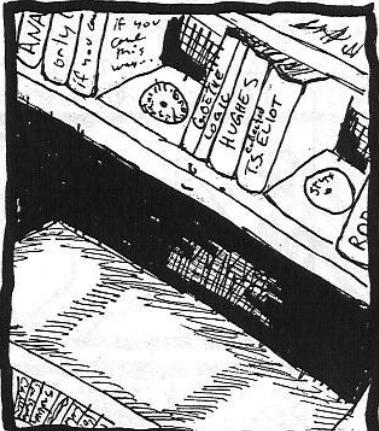
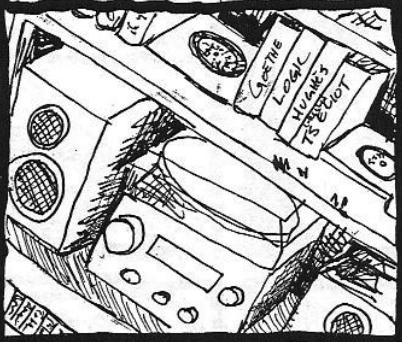


JUST GONE.

DON'T BE STUPID. I HAVE A SECURITY SYSTEM INSTALLED. IT WOULD HAVE GONE OFF IF THE HOUSE WAS BROKEN INTO.



IT STARTED WHEN MIKE'S STEREO DISAPPEARED.



OF COURSE IT WAS THE FIRST THING TO GO. THE DAMN THING WASN'T EVEN MINE.



I WAS BORROWING IT FROM MIKE FOR A WHILE UNTIL I GOT ENOUGH MONEY TOGETHER TO BUY A NEW ONE. HE DIDN'T NEED IT, HE WAS LIVING WITH SARA AT THE TIME AND SHE HAD A BETTER ONE ANYWAY.



MERDE!



A FEW WORDS ABOUT MIKE:

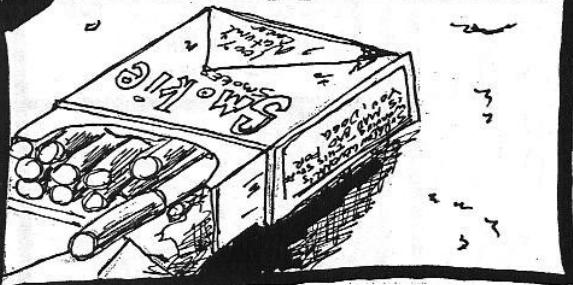


MIKE STARTED OFF AS A PHYSICS STUDENT AT SOME IVY LEAGUE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MAYBE, UNTIL HE WENT NUTS.



HE STARTED TAKING DRUGS—LIKE ALL THE DRUGS—COKE, X, MUSHROOMS, ACID, ALL THAT STUFF.

THIS ISN'T WHY HE WENT NUTS.

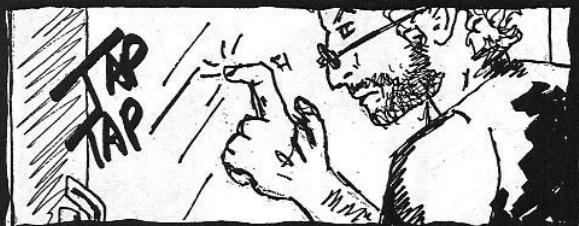


NAW, MIKE WAS PRETTY UNSTABLE TO BEGIN WITH, AND I GUESS SOMETHING JUST PUSHED HIM OVER THE EDGE.

HE TOLD ME IT WAS SOME PHYSICS THING THAT GOT IN HIS HEAD.



I'D KNOWN MIKE FROM HIGH SCHOOL. I LIKED HIM BECAUSE HE WAS UNPREDICTABLE, GOOFY, BUT HE WAS STILL SMART ENOUGH TO OUT-MATH THE BIGGEST NERDS WE HAD.



WE STAYED IN TOUCH AFTER WE WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS. EVENTUALLY, WE BOTH ENDED UP BACK IN OUR HOMETOWN. WE HUNG OUT ONCE IN A WHILE, BUT I COULDN'T REALLY RELATE TO HIM ANYMORE.

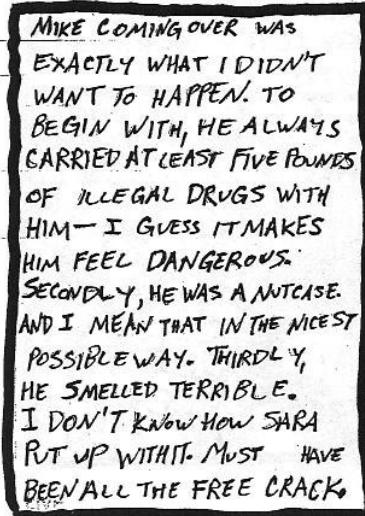
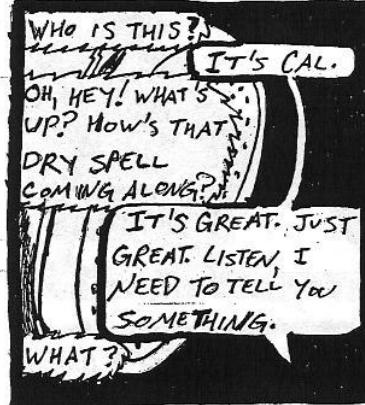
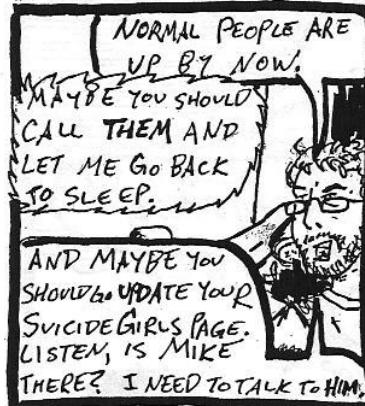


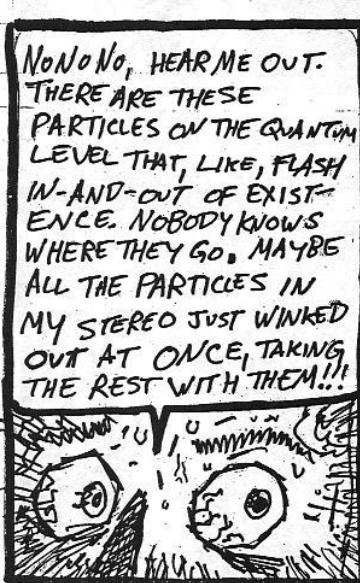
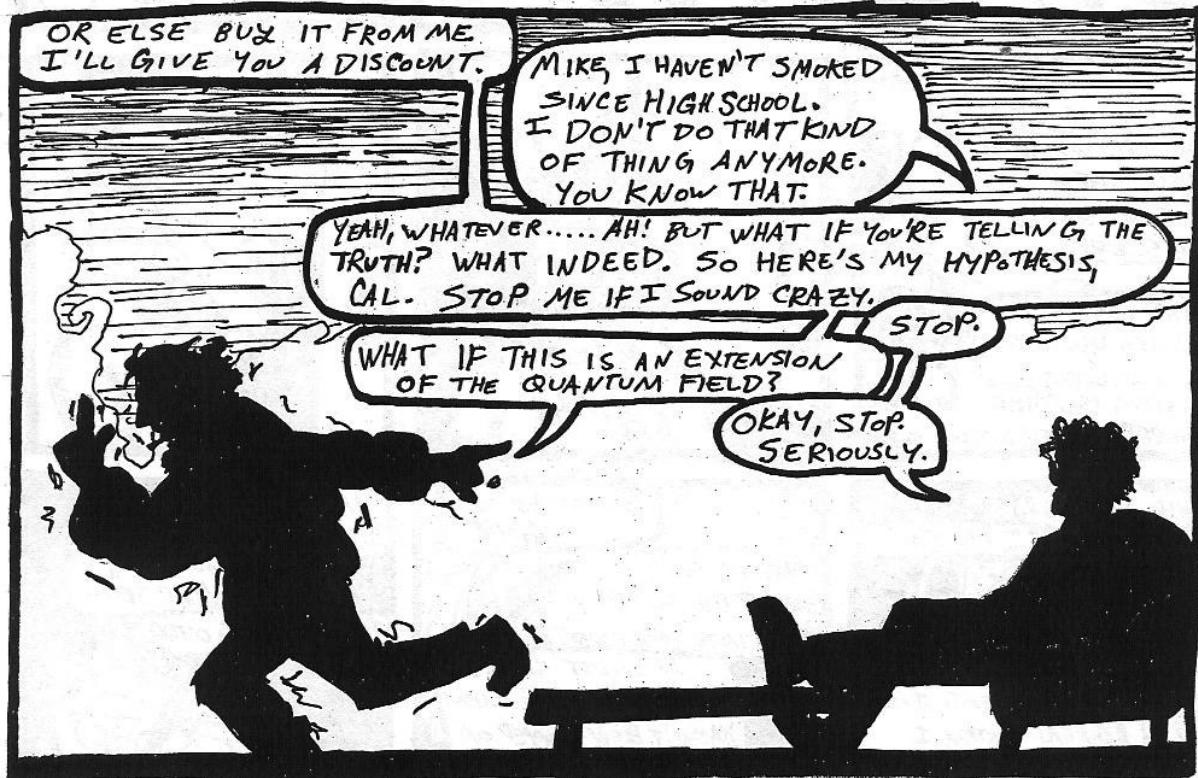
HE WAS TOO WEIRD.



MERDE.









SARA WAS MIKE'S GIRLFRIEND, I THINK. I WAS NEVER REALLY SURE OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THEM. IF THEY WERE TOGETHER, IT MUST HAVE BEEN BIZARRE. MIKE SMELLED TERRIBLE AND DRESSED LIKE A HOBO. SARA LOOKED LIKE SHE BELONGED IN A TIM BURTON MOVIE AND ACTED LIKE EDGAR POE WAS STUCK UP HER ASS.

GOD, SHE WAS HOT.

DING DONG

SO WHERE IS HE?

I DON'T KNOW  
TILL ABOUT ONE A.M.  
YEAH, AFTER THAT I WAS  
ASLEEP, SO I  
DON'T KNOW.

HE WAS HERE  
LAST NIGHT,  
RIGHT?

WHERE  
DID HE  
SLEEP?

ON THE COUCH  
DID YOU  
ALREADY  
LOOK  
FOR A  
NOTE OR  
ANYTHING?

SHIT.

WHAT?  
THAT'S HIS  
JACKET.  
IT EVEN  
SMELLS  
LIKE HIM.

WHERE IS HE?

TRY HIS CELL  
PHONE?  
IT'S IN THE POCKET  
OF HIS JACKET. CAL  
I'M WORRIED.

No.

THAT WAS NOT SOMETHING  
I EXPECTED. SHE'D NEVER  
BEEN ANYTHING BUT A  
RAMPAVING PAIN IN THE  
ASS BEFORE. BUT SHE  
SAID THAT LIKE SHE  
ACTUALLY MEANT IT.

HOLD ME?

WHAT?

UHHH...

SHUT UP.

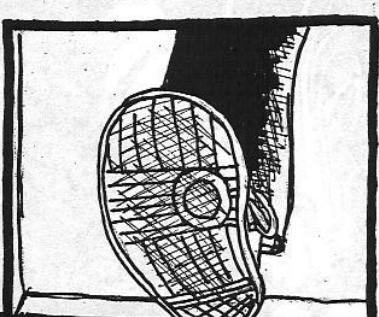
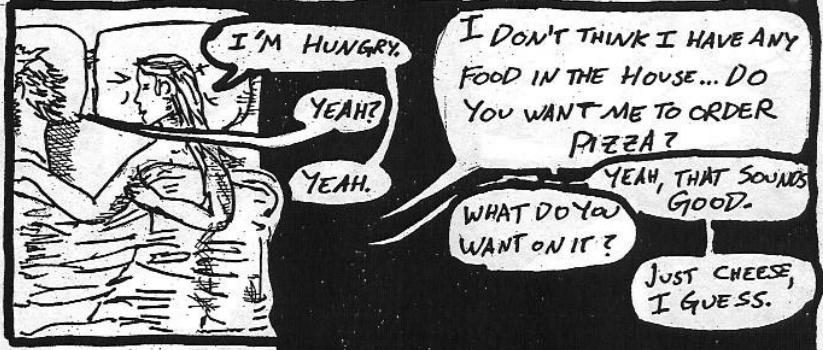
I KNEW  
THIS WASN'T RIGHT.  
NOWHERE EVEN CLOSE  
TO RIGHT. BUT  
I DID IT  
ANYWAY.

I FELT BAD ABOUT IT FOR A LONG TIME. BUT THEN, BY THE TIME IT GOT DARK, I STARTED THINKING WHAT DO I HAVE TO FEEL SORRY ABOUT? SHE PROBABLY DOES THIS ALL THE TIME. IF MIKE EVEN IS HER BOYFRIEND, SHE PROBABLY CHEATS ON HIM THREE TIMES A DAY- FOUR TIMES ON SUNDAYS.

THEN I STARTED THINKING ABOUT MIKE. IF HE EVER FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS, HE WOULD SEND SOMEONE TO KILL ME.

BUT THE ONLY WAY HE COULD POSSIBLY FIND OUT IS THROUGH SARA. WOULD SHE TELL HIM ABOUT THIS? WAS SHE THAT DERANGED?

AND WHY ARE THINGS DISAPPEARING IN MY HOUSE ANYWAY? ARE MIKE AND SARA JUST SCREWING WITH ME? AND SPEAKING OF SCREWING, HOW DID THIS HAPPEN ANYWAY? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT THIS? THEY DON'T WRITE HOW-TO BOOKS ON THIS SORT OF THING- "HOW TO BETRAY THE DRUG DEALER YOU'VE KNOWN SINCE HIGH SCHOOL?"





9  
66

